The
COMMONWEAL

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Armistice, World Government Day

THE CEREMONIES which surround November 11 every year of course not only honor the men who have fallen in the service of our country, but also signify our determination that their sacrifice shall not have been in vain. It is fitting, then, that for the past several years the National Peace Conference has observed that date as "World Government Day." This association of peace organizations, and those religious and professional groups which have organized peace activities, have with increasing success sponsored local meetings the country over on international organization and each year provided handy current discussion literature. This fall hundreds of such groups from all parts of the country have requested this World Government Day material. The theme recurs in governors' proclamations, special magazine articles and public meetings.

On an even larger scale this year on the same date is the "World Community Day" of the United Council of Church Women. Literally thousands of interdenominational Protestant meetings in local churches are being held the nation over. Their theme is: "The Price of an Enduring Peace." In every case two questions are being submitted by secret ballot—one as to personal sentiments on Congressional action on joining a world organization and assuming all necessary expenses and responsibilities, the other on personal willingness to continue rationing and whatever else is needed to relieve distress and restore order in other countries after the war. Results of this nationwide Protestant church women's poll will be communicated to the Congress forthwith.

Following hard upon the October joint statement of peace aims of America's three major religious groups and coincident with the three weeks' November campaign of the "Christian Mission on World Order," these observances cannot fail to heighten a public opinion already favorable to assuming international obligations as a means of winning the peace. In fact it will undoubtedly propel American popular adherence to our participation in international organization for maintaining peace and order even farther ahead of its faint reflection in the halls of Congress, particularly the Senate chamber.

On Armistice Day we gather in our local communities primarily to honor our soldier dead of 1917-18. Perhaps even more present in our minds are the young men of this new generation, who by going forth to serve their country in all sectors of the globe have interrupted their careers, torn themselves from home and loved ones, and left normal pursuits for the duration. They too have died a little.

In keeping faith with all of these, the heroes of both wars, it is up to the rest of us to make sure that the peace they have fought for be won. Under modern conditions there is no other answer than some international organization with power to enforce its decisions. This involves considerably more than the organization of an international police force. There must be provision for peaceful change. There must be a judicial body with authority to hear conflicting claims and hand down decisions in disputes between nations. The organization and harmonizing of world economy must parallel international political progress. Whatever form the new grouping takes, it must take into account every leading factor in international political and economic life.

World Minimum Wage

A GOOD INSTANCE of the type of problem that must be tackled on a world scale is that of workers' pay—and Herbert Morrison has just advocated international minimum wage standards before the Fabian Society in London. There are a number of economists who say it doesn't much matter what wages are paid in other countries, so long as the wheels of industry keep turning and furnishing markets for our commodities. It is even calculated by competent economists that the protective tariff to which so many Americans have clung so deperately actually "protects" less than

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2,000,000 of our normally employed 45,000,000 workers. In other words, according to these experts who have figured it out product by product, the United States has little to fear from competition of countries where products are turned out under the most depressed labor conditions.

But even granting all their premises, statistics and conclusions, can we assume that these American economists have touched on all the main elements of the whole problem? We are vitally concerned also with preventing another major outbreak of hostilities and it is notorious that the poverty of the masses in Germany, Italy, Spain and a number of Balkan countries led directly to dictatorship, with war as a final desperate measure. In the end that would be important for the calculations of every economist too.

The world will not prosper overnight, but if we are ever to have that comparative plenty or even minimum subsistence that constitutes one of the four freedoms, it cannot be at the expense of any one nation or group. In the new economic relations that must be set up after this war there has to be something to prevent one nation from deliberately setting out by slave labor to capture a good part of the world market. The only way post-war economy will work at all is through continually expanding. This means higher pay for breadwinners in nearly every country and a consequent healthy extension of domestic markets.

Obviously international minimum wage standards could not be conceived in such definite terms, say, as forty dollars a week. They would have to be "real wage" standards, arrived at country by country, by disinterested international commissions. If we are seriously interested in building up a healthy world trade in the post-war world, if we mean what we say about the four freedoms, decent living standards must be universal. That means an international minimum family wage.

The Four-Power Pact

WITHOUT attempting to deal with all the specific points of the new Moscow agreement—which seems to have made a far greater impact on the world than such announcements as the Atlantic Charter—we select this week only certain broad lines for comment. Consider the new pact first as a step toward winning the war. The pledge of coordinated military operations is paramount; the promise not to negotiate a separate peace may be even more important. The agreement not to send occupying troops into enemy territories except by international agreement assures a genuine coordinated offensive rather than a deplorable race to get there first. The eleventh-hour inclusion of China makes it clear to Japan that eventually she will have to deal with a victorious Russia in the Far East as well as China, the United States and the British Empire. This warning now indicates Russian self-confidence in her present strength. Perhaps most important of all in our struggle for military victory is the effect of this announcement in the capitals of Europe—neutral and Axis-held alike. It is a master-stroke in a new political offensive, and the Allies are broadcasting it repeatedly to every people in every European tongue.

But there is much more at stake, as we have repeatedly said in these columns, than winning the war. It is perhaps childish and naive to speak of "winning the peace," in the sense that we may with any real reason hope that after this there will be no wars, forever. But it would be equally cynical and inhuman not to urge that every possible thing be done to diminish the likelihood of conflict for as long a time as possible. That limited objective alone can build the foundations for any broader objective, and to achieve this limited objective, the first and indispensable requirement is an atmosphere of confidence, goodwill and honest dealing between Russia, Britain and the United States.

We believe this atmosphere can be created. There is no necessary or fatal conflict in national interest between these three powers. There is a mutual inter-necessity between ourselves and the British which they keenly recognize and which we are beginning to appreciate. Russia has not only an empire but a dream to consolidate; she has proved that she will not jeopardize both in a general war unless she is forced to, by actual invasion of her territories. We believe that all her recent moves—the understanding (peculiar as we may think it) with the Orthodox Church, the dissolution of the Comintern, even the granting of full, unescorted furlough privileges to sailors in foreign ports—are intended to show that she sincerely wants but two things for the future: peace and an opportunity to repair the damages of war and build up her undeveloped resources. If she were confident enough of Anglo-American resolution and concord, it is even conceivable that the question of her Western boundaries could be solved in a fashion to satisfy all consciences—something about which we have hitherto been extremely skeptical. But the general happy look of everyone concerned with the Moscow Conference, the assurance that a continuing tri-partite body is to sit in London to work out problems as they arise, the promise of a forthcoming meeting between Churchill, Roosevelt and Stalin, all are reasons for optimism and spurs to goad us into furthering, by every means, fulfillment of this optimism in solid achievement.

Further reasons for optimism can be found in other major terms of the agreement. The pledge of collaboration during the armistice period and on the actual drawing up of specific peace terms

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stands a good chance of being fulfilled so long as Russia, China, Great Britain and the United States have every evidence that each is dealing squarely with the other. Now that these four major Powers have committed themselves to the building up of an effective international organization for the maintenance of peace and order and to genuine international disarmament as well, the hope for a real peace grows. This is not to take promise for performance, to mistake preliminaries for realization. Yet some weight must be given the fact that the general prospect held out by the Moscow pact coincides with the universal human aspiration for stability and peace. It is difficult not to agree with Carter Glass that "instead of any one of the pending resolutions before the Senate, the Senate might well see fit to endorse specifically the language of the Moscow Conference." At the very least this agreement on war and peace presents the Allied peoples with an unparalleled opportunity.

Who was Abraham Lincoln?

THERE can't be much question that whatever the Senate resolves, and however merry a party the foreign ministers have in Moscow, and no matter how architectural our blueprints grow, still, the settlement of this war will be determined principally by the circumstances of waging it and by the orders of battle during the period of time when the war is ending. To be effective, plans for the post-war set-up must embody plans for the war.

A country fights a war the way it *is* and a country stops fighting that way too. That means, in general, that in war a nation utilizes the governmental and social and economic structure it has at hand—the existing character and nerve of the people—and these characteristics continue through the time of peace-making. There is, of course, change every day, and there is likely to be speeded change under the stress of war, but the successful country is not likely to undergo any really large-scale and revolutionary change. Maybe that is one of the prices a country always has to pay for being victorious.

The "circumstances" of waging war, and the way a country "is" are wonderfully vague terms and they would be defined differently by every Republican and Democrat, Socialist and Capitalist and Eric Johnston and Henry Wallace. In diagnosing the condition of, let us say, the United States, we should consider pertinent not only our production indices and the number and state of training of our troops and other very effective material data, but also elements of the spirit. What mood, what intentions have the people? What ends do we seek with what fervor, and in what order do we desire to obtain different objectives? What means do we consider proper in the struggle for our ends?

A large amount of talking through the hat, or dishonesty if you will, is obviously accepted almost universally as a legitimate means to desired ends. This need not be terribly disturbing and it would still doubtless be an excess to say that all men are liars. We would consider it an excess, however, and disturbing, if any power or authority tried to force us to believe lies or tried to force our conscience to agree upon the legitimacy and desirability of certain ends and certain means which people currently talk about and lie about.

We have noted recently in conversation with an increasing number of persons in and out of the armed services of the United Nations, that the problem of what to do with Germany after the war has been more and more closely linked with the problem of the spirit with which we ought to fight Germany. An increasing number of people who favor a Carthaginian settlement seem to advocate hate as a great and legitimate means to get us (or them) into a position to sow salt over the graves of the German people. We do not claim to know the exact status of hate propaganda within the Army and Navy, and, while we don't believe it yet has much place, men in the service have told us that stimuli to hate are by no means outlawed. Private writing and talk surely do contain a growing amount of sentimental hate nonsense.

Perhaps the plea should be made for greater cynicism or faith. Some of the people who "want to see the thing through this time" don't seem to have confidence in the continued capacity of our armed forces to wage effective war without the aboriginal urge of hot hate.

People who want to give Germany very rough treatment at the end of the war, as a political and military and war-making organization, ought to argue their point on the basis of its intrinsic merit. They should not try to gain their end by making everybody emotionally upset and unreasonable by a strong case of hatred. That might well ruin Germany, but it might not help the world.

Fortunately, it still sounds unreal and almost quaint to hear human beings actually advocating hate and soldiers, we believe, are not ready listeners to such talk. But it is dangerous talk, subversive to western civilization to the extent it spreads or takes on genuine depth and feeling.

The mixing up of hate with war aims, and its utilization as a method of warfare, are tendencies definitely to fight against. Up to now, America's great war is still the Civil War, and it would not be wise to throw over all the traditions we inherit from that bitter struggle. Lincoln was the hero of that war. He led the United States to a very total victory, but he is the loved American because he did so without hate. JAMES ACTON.

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Two Conventions

The Auto Workers and the AFL

John C. Cort

A SMART way for the casual observer to find out what American labor is up to would have been to read two adjoining columns in the New York *Times* for the week of October 4-11 and keep going on one of them through October 15. These two columns reported the conventions of the United Auto Workers, CIO (at Buffalo) and the AFL (at Boston). The UAW has a membership of nearly 1,000,000, which makes it the largest free union in the world and the key union in the CIO. It also has a red hot fight for control between communist and anti-communist wings, which makes it very interesting and also a barometer of the political weather in the CIO, for your money will be fairly safe on the proposition that whoever controls the auto workers either does, or will ultimately, control the CIO itself. As for the AFL it is, well, the AFL—with a claimed membership now hovering around 7,000,000 including Lewis's miners, which means it is the largest, and, hands down, the most conservative, free labor federation in the world.

Since the casual observer, being casual, usually misses these things, I shall oblige with a rehash of both conventions plus a few hidden meanings —that is, all meanings not hidden more than about two inches beneath the surface.

The first question many people think of is: what will labor do in the '44 elections? Both UAW and AFL reflected increasing labor dissatisfaction with the Roosevelt Administration, and both showed a tendency to play hard-to-get. The AFL will be harder to get, for its treatment of a resolution praising F. D. R.'s domestic and foreign policies was to refer it to the executive council, which is simply a polite form of burial. The communist wing of the UAW worked for a resolution throwing unqualified support to a fourth term—the present Party line—but this died in committee. The successful resolution said that "it will be impossible to mobilize the same degree of continued enthusiasm and support for the candidacy of Franklin D. Roosevelt . . . if the present Democratic policy of appeasement of the foes of progress and labor continues."

In both camps most of the rotten fruit was thrown at the rigid enforcement of the Little Steel formula, the failure to roll back prices to the formula level or to cut war profiteering, and WLB delays in settling labor disputes. In John L. Lewis and Big Bill Hutcheson (carpenters) there exists a potentially strong Republican bloc in the AFL, but how they can hope to sell that bill of goods to anybody else is anybody else's guess, since the Republican policy on wages, prices and profits is designed to cut labor's share of the national income even more stringently. Barring a political earthquake, it is my guess that most of the labor movement will be in the Roosevelt column come '44. The only other choice is a third party and, as a guy says, it ain't hardly likely.

On foreign policy there was little or no discussion or position taken, except for an AFL resolution urging advisory labor representation in Italy's AMG and a UAW demand for immediate independence for India. In addressing the auto workers Philip Murray, CIO president, did say that "without further stalling we the people of the United States must make plain that we do not propose again to attempt to secede from the world as we did after World War I and that, instead, we are determined to stay in the game after the war is over and see to it that a just peace is organized and fairly administered in the interests of the peoples of the world." Which is encouraging.

Considering the eagerness of all labor for wage increases, attested right now by the gathering clouds on the railroad and coal fronts, it is interesting that both conventions voted down demands, mostly by communist delegates, for some kind of incentive pay (bonuses for extra work). The comrades, led by Earl Browder, have been plugging this idea hard for several years in a frantic effort to increase war production, aid to Russia and the hope of a quick second front. At Boston the plan didn't have a chance, but at Buffalo there was prolonged and bitter debate, with Walter P. Reuther, UAW vice-president and leader of the anti-communist wing, calling it an attempt to "Stakhanovize" America and a threat to the whole union wage structure. Memories of the dreary piece-rate days prevailed, and incentive plans went down by a 60-40 percent vote.

At Boston there was so much talk about John L. Lewis knocking at the door with his 600,000

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followers that scarcely an eyelash batted when an even larger union, the machinists (625,000) returned to the federation after a few months of sulking over a jurisdictional tiff with the carpenters. Nobody knew just how, but the tiff was settled behind closed doors—the room doubtless smoke-filled.

Lewis, of course, was much more dramatic material. Here was the creator of the CIO, the man whose brief fist fight with Hutcheson at the 1935 convention symbolized a much bigger fight between craft and industrial unionism—a fight that finally blew the roof off the convention hall and the hinges off the door through which the original CIO unions walked out behind the broad back and scowling eyebrows of John L. Here was the man who had been since that time the *enfant terrible* not only of American labor, but of America itself, blessed and cursed by millions, friend of Roosevelt, enemy of Roosevelt, hero of the CIO, villain of the CIO, but always—between the fall of 1935 and the spring of 1943—mortal enemy of the AFL. In short, a natural.

At first it appeared that "Big John" might suffer the last awful humiliation of being turned away with his hat in his hand. Thinking apparently that the AFL would trip all over itself letting him back in, Lewis had been definitely uppity over the question of jurisdictional conflicts with his catch-all District 50, which includes everything from dairy farmers through teamsters to lipstick workers. When the executive council called his bluff, Lewis promised to behave, the bigwigs softened and the convention finally voted to allow the council to admit the miners when the conflicts have been worked out, which will probably be in a few months.

★

It must have been an ecstatic moment for William Green, 70-year-old ex-official of the miners and ex-stooge of Lewis, who is starting his twentieth year as the conscientious, ineffectual president of the AFL. Lewis had called him everything in the book, lashed him with plain and fancy invective, buried him beneath a mountain of ridicule and contempt. As he stood on the platform at Boston, Green knew his organization would soon number 7,000,000 and own clear title to the name of "dominant labor group" in America. So it was obviously with double-barreled joy that he told the delegates that he would "stand at the door of the house of labor" and welcome Mr. Lewis back, for he felt that "the architect of the CIO" had admitted his error. How those words must have galled the proud and imperious soul of John L. Lewis! I always said that he would never allow himself to be placed in such a position. History hath made monkeys of us both.

And yet it is obviously better that Lewis and the miners should be back with the AFL than off in business on their own, organizing a third labor movement. Two is bad enough. The only trouble is that now, with their clear-cut numerical superiority, the Olympian arrogance of the AFL leaders has reached such proportions that any hope of organic unity with the CIO has faded to the vanishing point. And I doubt very much if any more CIO unions will join the miners and garment workers in a piecemeal return, at least not before the day the communists have realized their dream of taking over the CIO—which God forbid. Just in case we're wrong again, however, the garment workers (Hillman) and rubber workers (Dalrymple) are the most oft-mentioned possibilities.

Of course, there are some who throw a small shadow of doubt on the AFL's impressive membership figures, notable among them being Dan Tobin, head of the 600,000 teamsters. Pointing out that the carpenters had jumped from 366,700 to 600,000 in the last year and the hodcarriers (Moreschi) from 283,700 to 420,000, Tobin introduced an amendment empowering the AFL to probe the books of its affiliates to make sure the rich ones weren't paying an extra per capita tax to bolster their voting strength at conventions. The amendment was referred to the executive Council, where it will doubtless be strangled quietly.

Once again A. Philip Randolph, president of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, gave a one-man demonstration that Negroes are not only the equal of whites, but very often superior. Ever since the CIO unions walked out at Atlantic City, taking with them most of the AFL's brains and vitality, conventions of the latter organization have been vast monuments to dullness, resembling more the gatherings of overfed businessmen than the popular idea of a labor convention. At New Orleans a few years back there was the flare-up between Dubinsky and Fay over racketeering, but even then most of the excitement was off the floor. This year there was the debate over Lewis, and Green's indignant rebuttal to Warren Atherton, American Legion commander, who blasted labor's strike record. But for years the only flashes of life, passion, brilliance have been the annual speeches of Randolph protesting once again the AFL's continued toleration of affiliates who bar Negroes from membership, place them in auxiliary locals with inferior status, or discriminate against them in job placement. This year Brother Randolph named names: the metal trades department, electrical workers, boilermakers, blacksmiths, commercial telegraphers. He said that the AFL "cannot exist with whites as first-class union men and colored members as second-class union men," and that as long as the situation was allowed to continue there could be no "pretense

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of democracy" in the AFL. He pleaded for the exercise of punitive action against offending affiliates. As usual everybody denied everything, except that this year the denials were even more violent and unconvincing than in previous years, and John P. Frey (metal trades) had the shameless gall to say that Randolph's remarks constituted "the greatest disservice to the colored race since the Negro became a free man." Exactly when was that, Mr. Frey? Finally the convention passed its customary toothless, meaningless resolution about how the AFL would continue its efforts for "industrial equality for all men." But Brother Randolph should not be discouraged. His speeches are far from analogous to little drops of water, and yet even these, they tell us, have their ultimate, eventual effect on the hardest, most impenetrable surface.

At Boston the Negro issue was at least fairly clear. In the turbulent convention at Buffalo, however, the issue was beclouded and bedeviled by every kind of mental, moral and political confusion. In a very real sense it was *the* crucial issue of the convention, for it was only by the votes of the large Negro delegation that the Communist Party managed to save itself from a major defeat. Actually the balance of union power remained almost exactly the same after the convention as before, that is, with the anti-communist faction holding a wafer-thin majority on the executive board plus two top offices, R. J. Thomas president and Walter P. Reuther first vice-president, while pro-communists held down the other two, Richard Frankensteen second vice-president and George F. Addes in the powerful position of secretary-treasurer.

The point is that all the pre-convention dope pointed to a successful movement aimed at ousting Addes and replacing him with Richard T. Leonard, head of the Ford division. Active in this movement were a loose amalgam of Catholics (notably the strong ACTU organization in Detroit), socialists, social democrats and other assorted anti-CP Americans. The recognized leaders were Reuther and Leonard, though Thomas was known to be giving the movement his tacit approval. Throughout the union there had been widespread, growing dissatisfaction with the fellow-traveling of Addes and Frankensteen, and the Reuther-Leonard group appeared to have the necessary votes sealed and delivered. The vast majority of the delegates were in no way sympathetic to the Party line: the second-front resolution was snowed under, the CP resolution on Roosevelt died in committee, the incentive pay resolution (so dear to their hearts) lost by a heavy majority. And yet in the key election, out of 7,400 votes cast by 2,000 delegates, Leonard failed by 74 votes to knock out Addes. Thomas went back unopposed, Reuther beat Frankensteen for first vice-president by 345 votes, Frankensteen topped Leonard for second vice-president by 253. Presumably Reuther would have beaten Addes if he had chosen to run against him.

Why did Leonard lose? They will be kicking that question around in Detroit for at least another year. Of course, there are many answers: the last-minute split in the Wisconsin delegation, the button-holing job done by an army of organizers attached to Frankensteen's aviation staff, the failure of the Ford leaders to deliver for Leonard, the tendency to vote for personalities rather than issues. Probably the best, most comprehensive answer is the superior unity, discipline and organization of the Communist faction. But the thing that stood out in this observer's eyes was the fact that 160 of the 180 Negro delegates, controlling several hundred votes, went with the communist candidates. They went along with the CP because the CP, including Addes and Frankensteen, had promised to support an amendment to the constitution whereby an extra seat on the executive board would be created for a Negro member at large. Later, when the amendment reached the floor as the minority report of the constitution committee, the explicit reference to "Negro" had been deleted. Reuther and Leonard opposed the amendment, as did Thomas, the ACTU delegates from Detroit and 20 Negro delegates, on the ground that it was a "Jim Crow" measure comparable to giving Negroes special seats in street cars or movie theaters. In fact, ACTU-Detroit's newspaper, *The Wage Earner,* denounced the communists in the most violent terms for pulling a low political trick and pointed to this action as a classic example of CP hypocrisy in using the Negro workers for its own selfish purposes.

At the risk of shocking my friends and fellow Actists in Detroit, I am hereby throwing my *post mortem* vote with the communist position. And incidentally, it has been my experience that most communists believe very strongly and sincerely in racial equality and that by their insistence on the principle they lose more political support than they gain, since they obviously offend more whites than they please Negroes. So perhaps our constant talk of CP hypocrisy on this score could stand re-examination.

The intellectual necessity of supporting the CP amendment comes from asking and answering a few simple questions. First: should the large Negro group in the UAW have at least one representative on the executive board? Answer: yes. It is obvious that the Negro suffers from peculiarly serious injustices and peculiarly violent prejudices that are shared by no other sizable minority in the union. It is only necessary to remind ourselves of the Detroit race riot and the recent inexcusable strike of 20,000 (mostly UAW members) at the Packard plant over upgrading Negro workers.

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Second question: Is it practically possible under the present set-up to have a Negro elected to the executive board? Answer: no. The present board consists of 22 members, of whom four are officers and 18 are elected regionally. Since neither right nor left wing is strong enough to risk the loss of many white votes, neither dares to nominate a colored man as the representative of predominantly white workers.

Final question: Until such time as a Negro can be elected to represent whites, is there any way to get a Negro on the board other than by creating one or more seats for members at large and reserving at least one of these, either explicitly or implicitly, for a Negro? Answer: I can't think of any.

As it turned out the amendment was defeated after a hot debate that threatened at one point to break into fist fights. Also defeated was the majority (right wing) report of the constitution committee, which proposed to set up a minorities department similar to that of the CIO, with a Negro director appointed by Thomas. Right wing leaders gave this second-best proposal little or no support when it came to the floor. Which may or may not prove something. In any case all parties did get together on a resolution condemning the forces that foment racial strife as "identical with those which would destroy the labor movement" and denouncing "hate strikes in war plants instigated by prejudice-minded people against the hiring or upgrading of Negroes" as "a blot upon the fine record of our union." To this we can only repeat a loud "Amen."

The Shield of Christendom

A Polish answer to "The Frontier Issue"

Waclaw Bitner

THE EDITOR of THE COMMONWEAL has hospitably invited me to reply to the editorial in the October 15 issue on the controversy which centers around any present discussion of a postwar frontier between Poland and Soviet Russia. While I welcome such an opportunity, I would like to caution the reader that the point of view I must present is something more than a rebuttal.

Certainly among our American readers there is, today, a sufficiently substantial basis for unanimity behind a common purpose in the war presently being waged by the United Nations, and I could not willingly render a disservice to that great cause by extending an argument over the differing objectives of two European powers if such a contribution amounted to no more than taking "sides."

As a Pole, my thoughts and my ideals and my hopes are naturally attuned to the thousand-year heritage which guides my destiny. But as an editor and publicist I have a professional obligation to present the facts of international problems as I see them. On that broader basis I seek my information; I credit the responsibility and authenticity of widely different sources. Just as, by living in America, I have come to know and understand the people who give this great nation its character and distinction, so have I lived in Russia; so do I know the Russian people, their language, their temperament and their history.

In approaching the subject, I share with my readers, I thank God, the common premise which underlines the Christian and Catholic viewpoint. We whose spiritual standards are measured by the laws of the Kingdom of God have an equally profound conviction that the temporal laws by which a Christian community can be achieved here on earth must be such as will better prepare us to enter that Kingdom.

This fundamental is implied in THE COMMONWEAL editorial, and because it really encompasses the whole question under discussion it serves me as a useful starting point. True, your editor inclines toward a limitation of what I should prefer to regard as a universal concept, in that he describes the need of a Western shield for Christianity against the menace of an Eastern atheistic communism as being peculiar to the "Belloc-Chesterton school of English thought."

If Catholic thinking in England only came to realize this need so recently as the days of Belloc and Chesterton, I can report that the historic origins of the belief date back more than nine centuries in Polish history. For it is precisely this rôle which it has been left to Poland to play, that of the lone bulwark, the largely unaided defender of Christianity.

Today, with history repeating itself, the terrific price being paid by *all* defenders of Christendom has been brought home to the four corners of the earth. There is a new and imperative meaning in the place names which, however strange to the modern eye, suddenly take on a new and agonizing significance.

Some historians have counted no less than 10,000 separate assaults against the rapidly growing power of Christianity in the West, the shock almost invariably absorbed by Polish warriors, and among them stand out the victorious routs following the great battles of Lignica, Chocim, Cecora and Zórawno. If these were the names

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of sleepy little New England villages, or of great mill-towns in the deep South, or of thriving industrial communities along the banks of the Wabash and Ohio, is it not probable that they would be as alive in your hearts and minds as these others are in Polish memory? Of the countless onslaughts against the Christian stronghold in Central and Eastern Europe, none was more menacing than the "big push" of the seventeenth century. The Moslems drove a wedge right to the gates of Vienna, and all Europe trembled. When things became utterly desperate and what we would today describe as "defeatism" had all but forced the great Viennese bastion to yield, it was the Polish King Jan Sobieski who, as none other, recognized the urgency and the implications of this last chance. By forced marches and at great sacrifice he rushed the total strength of his Polish veterans to the scene and literally turned the tide.

THE COMMONWEAL curiously suggests, in a parenthetical and perhaps therefore tentative assertion: "Heaven knows shields of this sort have been shown to be flimsy." I cannot believe, under such obviously contrary circumstances, that the reference was to the Polish Shield of Christendom. Certainly a very different impression is gained from the testimony of a succession of Christ's Vicars.

Pope Pius IX was once asked by a delegation of Polish faithful for relics of Saintly Martyrs, and he replied, simply and to the point, "Go anywhere in Poland; if you squeeze a handful of Polish earth, martyr's blood will flow."

The present Holy Father has taken many opportunities to testify to the vigilance, the service and the self-sacrifice symbolized by Poland's shield. The shield did not appear flimsy to Pope Pius XII when, less than two years ago, he spoke thus of Poland's rôle: "Like a luminous cloud in the dark night of the present, your proudest memories are those of your national history, of more than ten centuries of dedication to the service of Christ; of your many, many battles in defense of Christian Europe. Rivers of blood and torrents of tears have bathed the roads, tragic and glorious, that Poland has trodden."

Even during the years of innocent "peace" for the Western World between the two World Wars, Poland's mission found her playing the same rôle. In 1920, abandoned by the Western powers, she had to repulse single-handed an onslaught by the Bolsheviks who had newly come into power through their Godless revolution in Russia. If little is known of the consequence of this repulse in America, its importance was not lost on Europeans, and it is pertinent to record that Lord d'Abernon, a sober-thinking diplomat and realistic politician, described the Battle of the Vistula, where the Russians were turned back, as the eighteenth decisive battle of the world.

Certainly Poland's shield will never be called "flimsy" by those who know any of the details of the sacrifice involved in the five weeks of the Polish campaign which opened the present World War. Did the shield seem flimsy compared to the nazi panzer divisions and air fleets which closed in for that surprise dawn attack in September, 1939? Against what comparable campaign is it fair to estimate its strength? When the Germans were joined by the Russians on September 17, was the shield supported by thousands of Lend-Lease planes and tanks? Did the shield not stand up pretty well while America was being lulled to sleep by the melodies of isolationism, and Britain and France were being disarmed by the chants of the pacifists? Winston Churchill has said, of the resistance put up by the Polish shield, that it alone enabled France and Great Britain to mobilize.

Yes, the shield was broken in the holocaust which followed; it was broken as it has been broken and repaired and made to serve again several times before. Is there any reason not to believe that it is well worth preserving, and well worth considering, in connection with any program for the future security of the Christian world? Or would it be good international policy, perhaps, to sell this shield now at a good price?

That is not entirely a rhetorical question. One hears questions, and suggestions, and accusations—no less astounding—propounded in many quarters these days. As between English, American and Russian points of view, there are many strange and dissonant and discordant propositions to be heard. Some of them make so little sense that THE COMMONWEAL rightly suggests that "a certain amount of mystery" has been allowed to surround the points at issue.

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While we are all anxious to lift the useless veils of "mystery" and bring the issues out into the open, I think we must be on our guard against every tendency toward oversimplification. THE COMMONWEAL'S synthesis of the problem is simply to list Soviet Russia's postwar "requirements." Beyond that the editorial offers little more than a mute admission that these requirements must somehow be met.

As to how, or why, or for what compensation, or on what moral or political grounds the other United Nations should capitulate, the editor does not say. Indeed he only mentions one procedure—"appeasement"—and admits that such a policy has as its only justification "sheer expediency." Lest expediency be mistakenly confused with "realism," I would like to raise a question of extremely grave doubt on that score. Let us follow the plan to its logical conclusion. "Have it your own way, Joe. Take what you want and we won't say anything."

The result, in its simplest terms, would be that Russia would become the sole proprietor of the entire fertile valley north and east of the Carpathians, turning its entire agricultural and mineral output to her own uses, without regard to the 300,000,000 Europeans for whom the area has been a basic source of supply, especially in foodstuffs. The Soviets would have at their disposition another 150,000,000 people of East Central Europe and the Balkans. Germany, dependent materially and geographically on the same region, would fall, like a ripe apple, at Stalin's feet.

The new acquisition would be merged into a communist bloc of some four hundred millions of people, a majority so preponderant that neither Scandinavia, the Low Coun-

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tries, nor Latin Europe, could keep their independence. And against such a formidable "sphere of influence," what political or military establishments could England and America devise that could possibly prevail over the tremendous influence of exported communist infiltration? Could the human values of democracy and the spiritual values of Christianity weather such aggressive demoralization?

Are the most realistic of Polish thinkers likely to regard handing over half of Poland—the strategic half of Europe's bulwark—as a wise form of expediency?

It was deemed expedient to give Hitler Austria and the Sudetenland. It was expedient to give the Japanese a piece of Manchuria. We have learned the bitter taste of the fruits of this kind of compromise. We know only too well the price of this kind of diplomacy. We are now, and I believe we will properly remain, realistically skeptical of the appeasement brand of expediency.

I certainly do not think this is a peculiarly Polish viewpoint. I somehow feel that I share the thoughts of any other spokesman for any Christian commonwealth. Any real Christian, who rightfully extends his sympathies to the Russian people, must at the same time obey the dictates of his own conscience and his own integrity. His answer to Russia's "requirements" will be consistent: "We respect your rights; we esteem your gallant fight; but we cannot reward you for having defended your own existence by giving you territories belonging to others."

Let me mention two other factors which are frequently injected into the picture—two contingencies which, it is commonly alleged, might profoundly influence Christian Europe's reaction to Russia's protestations. One is the supposition that, if Russia were to forsake atheism and totalitarianism, matters with her neighbors might be settled in another way. To this conjecture I can reply only that it seems to me, a European Catholic, such a remote possibility as to belong to the indefinite future. Although for present and particular motives, of a most transparent nature, the Soviets are claiming a return to the traditional faith, only the future can prove whether this is the conversion of Saul or simply the donning of a political sheepskin. As one who has studied political science, it strikes me as extremely doubtful that the Soviet leaders, flush with their ultimate victory over the nazi machine, would commit ideological suicide.

The other element is Russia's plea (and, to be sure, her *need*) for external security. The notion that Poland, either by herself or in concert with her still smaller neighbors, constitutes any threat to the security of the massive Soviet Union is palpably ridiculous. Obviously, if Russia had any reasonable basis for fear of aggression on the part of Poland or some Central European Federation, the combined power of the United States and Britain would stand ready to guarantee such frontiers to her.

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As to the nation's allegedly "imperial ambitions" as well as "minor grabs" to the detriment of Lithuania and Czechoslovakia, and the accusation of Polish oppression of Ukrainian and Jewish minorities, I am keenly sensible of the interpretation which has been superimposed upon our history by a studied and insistent propaganda from foreign sources. This has been in line with a foreign policy executed by the rival autocrats of Russian and German persuasion down through the centuries, always inimical to Poland's welfare. I have no hesitancy in citing this as a substantial factor in all external views of Polish history, because students of the subject find it manifested in page after page of history books. This false and inimical propaganda must be borne in mind when discussing Polish-Russian relations.

The Poles take the stand that the Polish-Russian question has been solved by the Treaty of Riga. This settlement, based largely on Russian proposals, had the endorsement of all elements in the Polish government, in spite of the fact that much of the boundary placed Poland in a strategically hazardous position. Moreover Poland's right to her pre-war territories was specifically and conclusively acknowledged by the Russians as recently as 1941, when workable agreements were reached between the late Genral Sikorski and Joseph Stalin.

During this period there has never been a suggestion from Polish sources that other nations or other nationalities should be or could be forcefully incorporated into the Polish State. Poland's policies have been of exactly an opposite nature throughout her history.

Historical Poland (how many know the period of European history when Poland was its largest country?) was the first great free federation. It is in keeping with the traditional policies of the peaceful years in her history that Poland, today, is in the vanguard of the movements for the formation of still greater free federations. Poland specifically has proposed the formation of a Central European Federation, a sort of United States of Central Europe, and ultimately, perhaps, this would be the precursor of a series of great federations in Europe, rooted in the common foundations of voluntary collaboration and collective security. The dream is that the extension of the principle might one day point the way to broadening the basis of all European inter-relationships by successive stages of economic cooperation and coordination. Certainly not the least among the many forces favoring such a federation is the inspiring example which Poles have found in the democratic basis of the United States's own federation.

Poland's Commonwealth has included several nationalities all down through its history; they have been Poland's partners, and in their union Poland has found strength. Poland's present and postwar policy is to continue in the same direction, with her minorities, her friends and neighbors—to build, as it were, a comfortable and common house for all.

Such federal movements require, of course, mutual understanding and agreement on all major points, and the peaceful settlement of minor disputes. Cases in point would be the problems of adjustment centering around Cieszyn and Wilno. The former district, a comparatively small area containing half a million inhabitants, eighty percent of whom are Poles, would certainly present no insoluble conflict to a Polish-Czech committee appointed to deal with the question. Made a *cause célèbre* by outside interests, and used as a springboard for foreign inter-

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ference, it would be and indeed has become distorted out of all proportion to its merits. It was appropriated by the Poles during Hitler's annexation of Sudetenland very much in the same way it was appropriated by Czechoslovakia while Poland was preoccupied with her war against the Soviets during 1918-1920. I approve the conduct of neither country in the way the affair has been handled, but I think that a good-neighbor understanding could be reached today.

It is widely heralded abroad that the Lithuanians demand the return of Wilno from Poland, an appeal with considerable sentimental weight inasmuch as the city was a former capital of that small country. It seems of at least equal pertinence that its population includes less than three percent Lithuanians today, and a comparable proceeding would be for Poland to demand, for example, the acquisition of the city of Breslau, because it was the site of a wholly Slav community hundreds of years ago. It is, on the other hand, instantly typical of the kind of problem which, with the concerned powers as partners in a substantial framework of like-minded interests such as those envisioned in the Central European Federation, could be amicably and easily adjusted. (It is interesting to speculate, in this connection, on the validity of Russia's claims to the same city. What claims can she establish, since economic, historic or ethnographic grounds are absent?)

The question of Polish-Ukrainian relations is admittedly more complex. There are three separate elements to the conflict: territorial, religious and political. I must caution American readers that a great many of the facts of the matter are both unknown and unobtainable. It will be readily recognized that the larger part of the Ukrainian population has for more than twenty years inhabited one of the so-called Soviet republics, and under the totalitarian basis of the country's administration it has been impossible to obtain an accurate picture of the political and social tendencies which might be operative under an independent sovereignty or complete autonomy.

The frictional territorial problem to which THE COMMONWEAL alludes is characteristically a paper controversy involving a mythical boundary designation which is irrelevant in that it is completely non-existent. The so-called "Curzon line" is not a frontier, either geographically, geologically or ethnographically. It is a purely accidental line, hastily drawn as a demarcation between the Polish and Russian armies before the awaited armistice of 1920. This line has become important only in the minds of politicians totally unacquainted with the national problems in Eastern Europe.

The Polish Government's responsibility in this matter naturally springs from the fact that among the population of Eastern Poland there are five and one-half million Poles, as compared with four and one-half million Ukrainians and only one hundred and thirty thousand Russians. Granting that any such segment constitutes a political minority, the only logical estimate of the status enjoyed by these Ukrainians is a comparison with that of their cousins in the Russian Ukraine.

Comprehensive statistics from wholly objective sources show that not only their wealth, but their health and welfare compares more than favorably with that of the Ukrainians incorporated within the Russian hegemony. Those under the Polish sovereignty certainly suffered no such fate as nearly ten million Ukrainians murdered by the Soviets during the years of the Russian "experiment." In recent days the economic organization of the Ukrainian community in Poland progressed markedly, especially in the number of established cooperatives; the unprecedented growth of the population itself found these people multiplying at a much faster rate than the Poles. This is especially significant inasmuch as during the same years (i.e., from 1930 to 1939) the Ukrainian population within Soviet Russia declined from 31 to 28 millions, notwithstanding the usual natural increases over such a period of time.

Needless to state, a majority of the Ukrainians within Polish territory proved loyal citizens, were cooperative and, in turn, enjoyed all the potentialities and advantages of self-development, politically and culturally. The small minority (whose exploits have been exaggerated out of all proportion to their significance in the nation's affairs) belonged to irresponsible political organizations, overtly inimical to the Polish state, and conducted activities against the state which were dealt with in the only manner becoming such acts. Perhaps, during wartime, it is a little easier than it formerly may have been for Americans to understand the meaning of such a destructive element. It played directly into the hands of both German and Soviet agents who, for obvious reasons, were attempting to obstruct the strategic pattern of the Polish régime, and generally to weaken the Polish state.

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One of the most regrettable and complex features of the situation arose when the political antagonisms of the various pressure groups working against the state further contaminated the secular picture by application of the same efforts within the religious sphere.

Exploitation of the always existing divergencies between the Roman and Greek Catholics has become a favorite method of falsely informing world opinion. The instigators of such propaganda have adopted a consistently malicious practice of complaining about the "persecution" of Greek Catholics by the Polish or Roman Catholics. Any such allegations are groundless. The Concordat with the Vatican prescribes the same rights for Greek Catholics as for Roman Catholics. This was strictly observed by the Roman Catholic clergy.

In the years 1936-7 the proportion between the two creeds was as follows:

Creed	*Faithful per parish*	*Faithful per priest*
Roman Catholic	3,998	2,134
Greek Catholic	1,748	1,450

In proportion to the population, the Roman Catholic creed had in Poland 43 percent of the number of parishes and 67 percent of the number of priests, as compared with the Greek Catholic creed. Such is the real numerical status as between the Roman and Greek Catholics in

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Poland. How can one speak of persecution of the Greek Catholics in Poland, when it appears clearly from that they had, proportionally to their numbers, more priests and more parishes in that country than the Roman Catholics? And nobody in the whole world can blame the Poles for being deeply attached to their Latin rite, in which they have fought and died for a thousand years.

The basically incongruous charge that the Poles are "anti-Semitic" is like a legend that will never die; although it is so inaccurate and implausible as to be hardly worth repeating, it appears again and again in the propaganda of those who have reached their last resort in calumny against political enemies.

First of all, as acknowledged by the Jews themselves, when the ill-fated people of Israel were persecuted in the whole of Europe, they found refuge and protection in Poland. Ever since 1265 various laws have been promulgated guaranteeing them their freedom of religion and custom, up to and including Poland's modern constitution which also protects their rights.

In our own day mankind has witnessed the dramatic testimonial rendered the Jews by Poles at the siege of the Warsaw ghetto, early this year, when against Hitler's sadistic legions they staged their valiant stand.

It is true that economic conflicts between the Polish and Jewish population existed, and led to dissatisfaction, especially in the ranks of unbalanced youth, but the incidents which resulted from this state of affairs in the past will never, I am sure, occur again.

The inhuman assassination of two million Jews by the Germans in Poland, the persecutions and misery of the Jewish people which are a tragedy unknown to history, have so deeply shaken the Polish community that not only does it not show any dislike for the Jews but, on the contrary, gives them all possible help and hides them in Polish homes. The death penalty threatens Polish families, including women and children, if they are caught hiding Jews, and yet a great number of Jews have found shelter among Poles. If at the present time Poles make the greatest sacrifices to save Jews, it would be perhaps time to close at long last the balance of Polish-Jewish scores in the opinion of the world.

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If you want to break the Shield of Christendom in two—well—break it! But what will then happen to that magnificent document of American sober political wisdom and practical idealism, which bears the name, Atlantic Charter?

Critique and Counter Critique

FRANCIS WANENMACHER

MANY readers must have enjoyed, in THE COMMONWEAL for September 3, the chapter, "My Father," from R. N. Coudenhove-Kalergi's autobiography. There seems to be place for questioning, however, whether the author's father and the author himself have rightly caught the spirit of prayer and ceremony in the Good Friday liturgy, "which seemed to him a symptom of intolerance and injustice . . . perpetuating religious anti-Semitism."

First, the dignified order of the prayers of the Missal has escaped the author, for the Church does not place the prayer for the Jews after that for "all heathens and heretics," as the author intimates, but immediately after the prayers for various classes of Christians, and ahead of pagans, in logical following out of the idea that the Jews are next of kin to the Christians.

In the second place the author's statement respecting the bowing and bending of the knee while praying for the Jews is misleading. He says: "The prayer for all heathens and heretics was given and followed by a general bending of the knees. Then at the end of this prayer, the priest would say, 'Let us also pray for the . . . Jews.' At which nobody bowed." The author leads you to believe that the priest or people or both genuflected and bowed in respect for pagan and heretic, but did not do so in respect for Jews. "Against this practice" the author's father "protested every year." In truth, there is neither genuflection nor bow out of respect for any of those prayed for.

The practice of announcing before the prayers: "Oremus . . . Flectamus genua . . . Levate" (Let us pray . . .Let us kneel . . . Arise) is one of the earliest observances of Christian prayer meetings. It comes down from a period considerably before the year 150 and probably, as Abbot, now Cardinal, Schuster thinks, from the very days of the Apostles. Originally there was a long pause of silence between the "Let us kneel" and the "Arise." During that pause the prayers were silently said by the people. Later on the long, silent prayers began to be omitted, and in their place the Church formulated the liturgical prayers which are now sung on Good Friday for pope, catechumens, pagans, etc., and the one-time silent prayers began to be remembered only by the ceremony of kneeling and rising without the pause.

This kneeling and rising is omitted before the prayer for the Jews. The omission, the present writer believes, must be explained by the historical background of the Good Friday prayer order. At first the Church was conscious only of the ancient Synagogue of Jahweh having flowered into the universal Church of Christ, in which there was to be "neither Jew nor Greek," and was not aware that a post-Christian Synagogue would continue as an institution set up against the redemptive mission of Christ; hence she prayed in the beginning for pope and empire, for Church and catechumens, but not for the Jews. Abbot Schuster makes no mention of a prayer for Jews in the primitive Great Litany. Later on, at the time of Leo the Great (fifth century), the rise of the rabbinical schools and the completion of the Jerusalem Talmud made it plain that the Church was going to face, indefinitely, an institute of Judaism. At this time, then, the prayer for the Jews was inserted. But by this time the silent prayers had already given way to formal liturgical prayers, and there was no reason to introduce the "Flectamus genua" ceremony before the prayers for the Jews, because it would have been devoid of the historical significance it retained in respect to the other Good Friday prayers.

Alcuin of York, writing many centuries after both the

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silent prayers and the later formal liturgical prayers had been introduced, and in England where sources for the study of liturgical beginnings in Rome were in his time inaccessible, says that the "Flectamus genua" ceremony is omitted because, as Saint Matthew's Gospel tell us, the Jews mocked their King prior to His crucifixion by a bending of the knee before Him. The historical fact recounted is true. If its recountal be the true explanation of the omitting "Flectamus genua," the Church need not be conceived as omitting the ceremony out of bad will toward those for whom she prays. For, as Abbot Schuster says: "The entire human race has conspired against Him, for, in sinning, we all have cried out: 'Reus est mortis.'" And that this fine mysticism really dominates Catholic thought is shown by Father Hugh Blunt's "The Guilty One":

> Who plaited the crown of thorns for His brow?
> Some Roman soldiers, nameless now.
> Who hewed the Cross, from the grim pine-tree?
> Some Jew, a carpenter as was He.
> Who forged the nails He was fastened with?
> He knew no better, poor nameless smith.
> Nameless all, for the sin and the shame
> Were done by the one that bears my name.

The reason given by Alcuin, however, hardly squares with the history of this part of the liturgy, and hence the Catholic Encyclopedia significantly adds "it is said" to its mention of Alcuin's explanation.

One thing is certain: the omission is not conceived as the omission of an honor to the Jews, for the practice of bending the knee before these liturgical prayers is in no instance done as an honor to the pagans, catechumens, emperor, pope for whom the Church prays. Nowhere in the liturgy do we find a bending of the knee before king or emperor, even though the knee is bent in the etiquette of social and civil practice. The Roman Pontifical describes the going out to meet emperor or king in formal procession, but has no bending of the knee to him who is thus ceremoniously greeted. On the contrary, it exhorts that the emperor or king descend from his horse, genuflect on a carpet stretched out at the place of meeting, and kneeling, kiss the Cross, and then be led beneath the baldachin into the church. Similarly in the long ceremonial of blessing and crowning, the king himself is anointed, crowned and enthroned, and during all this is repeatedly directed to genuflect and kneel, but the rubrics never once direct clergy or people to kneel to him in church, even after he is there enthroned. And at the enthronization, there is no "Flectamus genua" before the special prayer for the king that is sung in his presence. How much less does the Church bend the knee to, e.g., catechumens, heretics and pagans? When the knee is bent on Good Friday, it is a suppliant act done before God Himself.

The author proceeds to translate the liturgical admonition to prayer for the Jews with: "Let us also pray for the perfidious Jews (*perfidis Judaeis*)." Other Catholic translators of the Missal have similarly translated: thus "The Catholic Missal" of Fathers Callan and McHugh, O.P., and "Holy Week" by Abbot Cabrol, O.S.B., as well as "The Missal" of Burns & Oates, London. Taken as it stands, such a translation can be understood to refer, rightly, to the faith-breaking fact of Judaism's having rejected the covenanted Messias, or it can be wrongly understood to refer to a personal perfidiousness of Jews. Because of this ambiguity the word "perfidious" is, to say the least, an imperfect translation.

Everyone knows that a Latin word cannot simply be translated by an English word that sounds like the Latin, without reference to style or content. No high school boy gets by with rendering Caesar's *impedimenta* by *impediments,* and no student of Roman law would render Ulpian's dictum, which refers to the fee payable to a professor on taking over the school society; "*honor* qui in ingressu *sacramenti* offerri debuit," with such words as: "The *honor* to be offered on entering the *sacrament.*" Latin is not translated like that.

Hence these translators of the Missal might better have noted that the Church does not use the personal adjective *perfidiosis* in the prayer for the Jews, but rather the more factual description *perfidis.* They might have been careful to observe that, in the baptism of Mohammedan converts, our liturgy calls upon these to renounce their unbelieving Mohammedanism (*Mahumeticam perfidiam*) without anyone's having ever interpreted this use of the word *perfidiam* to be a stigma on the personal honesty of the sons of Islam. And in the same Great Litany which has the *perfidis Judaeis,* the Church prays that heretics may put aside "all the wickedness of heresy (*omni heretica pravitate*)," yet it is plain from the entire prayer that the Church terms the heresy wicked, rather than the personal conduct of heretics.

Hence others have translated the Good Friday prayer for the Jews differently. The "New Missal for Every Day" of Father F. X. Lasance, and David Goldstein's "Jewish Panorama" have: "Let us pray for the unfaithful Jews." "The St. Andrew's Daily Missal" of Dom Gaspar LeFebre, O.S.B., and the "Missal Vesperal" of Father Berthold, Carmelite, have: "for the faithless Jews." Father Stedman's "My Lenten Missal" renders: "Let us pray for the unbelieving Jews." An even truer version of the Latin admonition, true to the text and context that flow from the historic basis of these Good Friday prayers, would be: "Let us pray also for the Jews who broke faith; that our Lord and God remove the veil from their hearts; that they also may acknowledge our Lord Jesus Christ."

The Church is tremendously in earnest about the messianic mission of our Lord Christ and plainly considers the post-Christian Synagogue as an institution that has broken the covenant God made with the forefather prophets on the sending and accepting of the Redeemer; this is the very essence of the distinction between this Synagogue and the Church. The Church cannot be expected to disbelieve or dissemble the Synagogue's having broken faith with the ancient covenant. Following the liturgical admonition to prayer, then, the Church prays for the Jews in the utmost gentleness of love that they may receive what she believes to be God's prime gift to humanity: our Saviour. "Almighty and everlasting God, Who dost not drive even unfaithful Judaism (*judaiacam perfidiam*) from Thy mercy, hear the prayers which we

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offer for the blindness of this people; that, acknowledging the light of Thy truth, which is Christ, they may be delivered from their darkness. Amen."

When you read the admonition and the prayer in the Latin Missal you neither feel a sense of scorn nor receive a thought of suspicion against the personal uprightness of Jews. Our liturgy does not mark them as perfidious persons.

It does not even commemorate the death of Christ at the hands of the Jewish priests and people as anything other than the redemption in Christ's blood of them with ourselves. This is beautifully seen in the "Consecration of the Human Race to the Sacred Heart of Jesus" which the late Pope Pius XI ordered to be publicly and ceremoniously recited: ". . . Turn Thine eyes of mercy toward the children of that race, once Thy chosen people; of old they called down upon themselves the Blood of the Saviour; may It now descend upon them a laver of redemption and of life."

A well minded reader will be touched to know how the same Pope referred to that other passage of the Latin Missal, which is read in every Mass, wherein the sacrifices of the ancient covenant are recalled, and notably that of "Abraham our Patriarch (*Patriarchae nostri Abraham*)." "We cannot speak without irresistible emotion of the sacrifice of Abraham," said the Pope, "to note that Abraham is 'our patriarch, our ancestor,' from whom, through Christ and in Christ, we are Abraham's descendants."

The Stage & Screen

Slightly Married

I IMAGINE enough has been said in this and every other column concerning the amount of pregnancy which is motivating the drama of our day. A little earlier in the season three approximate mothers were met with wandering through "The Snark Was A Boojum," which closed cleverly within a week. And, of course, any number of the species can be viewed together with any number of babies at Mr. Rice's "A New Life." Unfortunately, however, the subject does not seem to be exhausted. Something called "Slightly Married" (including one mother and a half this time) has recently arrived at the Cort to provide an evening of the most dazzling mediocrity imaginable. The famous rain of '43 having doubled just in time for my exit from this wake, I find I am no longer able to read my program despite wringing, drying and a firm pressing under the works of Mr. Nathan. I'm sorry. But at this point, can only honestly recommend that you speed for the Empire and "Life With Father" and simply skip the entire thing. (*At the Cort.*)

Manhattan Nocturne

IN THIS Roy Walling has badly written a dull play but one, strangely enough, with a whopping big part in it; and moreover a part not tailored to any particular

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star and certainly not to be easily or typically cast. And Terry Holmes, in her first professional chance, plays it very interestingly indeed. It's a performance.

Now, it's always a question how much dishwater an audience can take in one evening. Given three acts of a dirty grey story in a dirty grey setting, even the diehards are apt to seek the street, dimmed-out as it is, rather than wait for Santa Claus, the Rinso people or Mr. Anthony to fix it up. It is true that "Manhattan Nocturne" does achieve a "happy ending" at long last, but is certainly hobbles toward it, and without Miss Holmes, I don't think the wait would be worth one act at the most. Little by little, the plot gives us Eddie Dowling playing a man in search of a girl as correspondent in his divorce case, finding her "on call" in a tin hotel, discovering that she is real, honest and mentally ill, and finally, by virtue of his tenderness and determination, snatching her right away from a felony court, its magistrate, and one or two assorted detectives. Just like that, and with two of the most mismanaged curtains I have ever witnessed where the actors are left standing sadly at large and obviously counting up to six or some such arbitrary number. Real Life, maybe?

Miss Holmes's part in all this naturally runs the gamut from B to B (Broadway to Bellevue), and touches upon every kind of nervous manifestation including rage, horrendous laughter, chills, faintings, panics and amnesia; and somehow or other, I believed it all. Her very long scene in the last act, played from a straight chair facing the house, I though very fine: her gestures, accurate small voice, and hesitations fairly reproducing the tedious and difficult act of unwilling memory. Quite brilliantly, she took her time and built the whole thing *down,* so that the audience gradually found themselves leaning forward and playing along, which is always the point. This seems to me particularly remarkable as her equipment is not of the best. She has an ugly walk and is not beautiful, but I think she's an actress and it looks like she isn't afraid of work. And, by the way, I imagine a good bit of credit for the sensitivity of Miss Holmes's performance must go to Stella Adler as director. Certainly not all of it, but without careful handling, little could have come through.

I wish I had more to offer Eddie Dowling as star of the piece, but at this point, I find I have only the same three wishes about him: I wish he would stand up straight, I wish he would learn his lines, and I wish he would stop the phony sentimental substitute of "sincerity" for "acting.' The difference, as Mr. Dowling knows, is immeasurable; and even though it must be fun fooling some of the people all of the time, it seems a little silly to go on and on pretending that you are fooling yourself.

Finally, I thought Howard Smith's "Judge Petrie" a neat job, and Perry Watkins' settings adequately squalid. (*At the Forrest.*)

Victory Belles

QUOTATION from the program notes of "Victory Belles" (italics mine):

> The Author: Alice Gerstenberg is known as "Chicago's Number 1 Playwright because she has been . . . the director of the Playwright's Theater of Chicago ever since she founded it in 1922. *Twice, however, she has helped make Broadway history:* by sending her dramatization of "Alice in Wonderland," starring Vivian Tobin, to the Booth Theatre a decade and a half before Eva Le Gallienne did an "Alice" at the Civic Repertory; and by *letting* the Washington Square Players, progenitors of the Theater Guild, do her now-world-famous "Overtones"—the first dramatization of the sub-conscious personality, thirteen years before Eugene O'Neill wrote "Strange Interlude." She has written literally *scores* of plays of all kinds and lengths which are continuously played by professional and amateur groups throughout the English-speaking world. She likes to use *signifying contemporary subjects* as a basis for even her farces—like "The Pot Boiler," which was performed in the trenches of World War I and recently, *for a romp, by Hollywood stars;* and like "Victory Belles," in which she sensed the *startling, and possibly amusing, consequences of the vanishing male today* long before Amram Scheinfeld published his much-discussed survey, "The Husband Shortage."

Well, I don't know who Mr. Amram Scheinfeld is and I haven't read his survey or even discussed it, but I hope he realizes that he is in very good company as one of Miss Gerstenberg's literary debtors and I hope he gets at least one "romp by Hollywood stars" for his pains. The rest of us, no doubt, will worry along somehow, being grateful whenever we can. My only feeling, as reviewer, is whoever moneyed this exhibition should be jailed for contempt and for backing a display of subhuman indignity which is exactly as disreputable as it is tiresome. (*At the Mansfield.*)

KAPPO PHELAN.

Men Without Women

WE ARE fortunate this week in having three war films of unsually high calibre. *"Sahara"* is the kind of fighting-in-the-desert movie that has been made before and will be made again, but I doubt if we are to see the job done any better. It tells the story of a small group of men who are separated from their units, make their way in a tank across forsaken desert country in Libya, hold off and finally capture a battalion of Germans. This sounds pretty adventurous and melodramatic. It is. But it is also so well directed, acted and set that it carries far more conviction than many more plausible movie plots. Director Zoltan Korda insisted on realism and permitted no wild-eyed histrionics from his good, all-male cast. Humphrey Bogart plays the American sergeant with his usual forthright, assured manner. Except for Bogart and J. Carrol Naish, who does an excellent characterization of an Italian, most of the men are portrayed by actors who are not too familiar movie figures. This adds to this film's realism and helps to establish these men as soldiers in the Sahara and not players we saw in last month's thriller. Dan Duryea and Bruce Bennett are Americans in Sergeant Bogart's detail as the tank *Lulubelle* plows across the desert to join the Allied lines in June, 1942, after the fall of Tobruk. They meet up with several British stragglers under the command of a captain (Richard Nugent) who concedes that Bogart should be at the head of this one-tank expedition. Next to join the group are a Sudanese corporal (Rex Ingram) and his Italian prisoner (Naish). Another prisoner is added when

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a Messerschmitt that attacked the tank is downed and its pilot (Kurt Krueger) is captured. The script, written by John Howard Lawson and Zoltan Korda, leans to the tough, sparse school of writing. No women make their appearance, but they are mentioned with longing. The speeches are masculine, but of course adapted for audiences' ears. What is particularly interesting is that they include statements about what we are fighting for, dignity and freedom and such, without sounding like set speeches. While the characters were carefully chosen for their types, they do succeed in being men as well as representatives of various nationalities. Korda has built up the suspense with great care; there are the usual desert hazards: burning sun, sandstorms, thirst, plus the tense excitement when the nine men hold the water hole against the surrounding Germans who creep closer and closer as our heroes are killed off one by one. The script is not entirely oblivious of such past films as "The Lost Patrol" and "Beau Geste," but it covers the old themes with a modern angle. Much of the picture's effectiveness is due to the excellent pictorials for which Rudolph Mate was responsible as director of photography.

The boys in *"Corvette K-225"* seem to get along pretty well without dames too. Almost, that is. For there is a suggestion of a romance between our lieutenant commander (Randolph Scott) and the sister (Ella Raines) of one of his junior officers. But this is only a tepid affair and does not interfere with the film's more serious business which is very serious indeed. After a slow beginning that is factually interesting for its portrayal of the building of a corvette and the assembling of its crew (very green in this case) the picture swings into exciting action. Stunning photographic effects of storms and the corvette's battles with a German plane and U-boat are outstanding and have caught well the feeling of sea dangers during wartime. In fact, Howard Hawks's production throughout the film is first rate. Although the scenes in Canada of the naval shipyards and training schools delay the action at first, they are authentic and establish an atmosphere of reality for the excitement that follows. Then the inclusion of details when Corvette K-225 is on convoy duty as well as the superior photography help to retain this feeling of actuality. John Rhodes Sturdy's script was written to give us an insight into the lives and duties of these Canadians while serving on a corvette. It does this with a minimum of horseplay and an absence of talkiness. Director Richard Rosson has used movie technique well to show us what these men do and the hardships through which they go. The insertions of humor, no more than would be found on a small ship so crowded with males, are carried on by Barry Fitzgerald, Andy Devine, Fuzzy Knight and Murray Alper. Randolph Scott shows the proper amount of interest in the men, capacity to command and decorum to be a convincing captain. As the young officer who has to learn his duties and responsibilities the hard way, James Brown gives an ingratiating performance. But it is not for the individual actors that "Corvette K-225" is a good picture. Reminiscent of "Action in the North Atlantic" and "In Which We Serve," this new film is another contribution to cinema's portrayal of life at sea and should again remind us what we owe to those men who brave its perils.

A third tribute to fighting men is paid this week in the film based on Richard Tregaskis's book *"Guadalcanal Diary."* And perhaps of these three new war pictures, this one is the most emotionally moving because it is the most real. Lamar Trotti's script, done with extreme austerity, is almost without story, but is strong on characterization. From time to time a narrator (meant to be the correspondent who wrote this diary) breaks in and describes the circumstances or setting. But most of the action is seen through the eyes of the various men who participate in it. And the cast who portray these men (again entirely without women) are excellent: Lloyd Nolan as the sergeant—by no means the usual comedy version, for his hardness and capability are tempered by the men's respect for him and his own thoughtfulness; William Bendix as the former taxi driver from Brooklyn, bluff, sincere and big-hearted; Richard Conte and Roy Roberts as the two captains whose strong bond of friendship is broken by death; Anthony Quinn as the courageous Arizona Indian, the only survivor of a special detail that is wiped out by Jap trickery; Richard Jaeckel as the underage Marine whose boasted "girl" is really his mother and who, with so many other boys in this group, becomes old before his time; Preston Foster as the Catholic priest who is much loved by the men of all religions because he loves all of them and is always with them no matter how great the danger; and various men in minor rôles who play Marines of all ranks and add to the realism in a series of small, well directed sequences. Of course this realism is not the reality of life. Obviously missing from these Marines on Guadalcanal are mean spirited and evil men. But for those who believe that there are no atheists in foxholes, this film is an outstanding portrait of a phase of this war. Bryan Foy's fine production and Lewis Seiler's careful direction succeed in building up a picture that will long be remembered for the homage it pays to the Marines not in glorification of warfare, but in honest tribute to the men who fight, do the dirty work, kill and die. Between the film's opening on July 26, 1942, on the calm

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peaceful deck of a transport in the South Pacific and its closing on December 10, 1942, when the Army comes to relieve the weary Marines, we see what it means to take and retain an important enemy holding. The suspense of the landing; the first casualty; that feeling of being pitifully small when one is wet, miserable and sleepless during the first night of the invasion; the unceasing persistence of Japanese snipers; the direct question from one of your comrades: "How do you feel about killing people?"; the attacking parties from which youngsters return as veterans; the grim business of taking the fight to the enemy; the waiting and fear, that is not cowardice, before battle; the realization in the shelter during the terrific air bombardment that they are not heroes, just guys; the powerful prayer of the ex-taxi driver who is not a religious man but who can express what all these men want to say to their God—these are episodes in "Guadalcanal Diary" that make it an outstanding picture, one that Hollywood should be proud of producing now instead of ten years after the war. PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Editors' Choice

JAN SMUTS. *F. S. Crafford. Doubleday.* $3.50.

WHAT MEN LIVE BY. *Leo Tolstoy. Pantheon.* $2.50.

Afrikaans Olympian

PRECOCITY sometimes leads to preoccupation with learning for its own sake or as a means to power—absorption in such minutiae as detailed natural phenomena, and in large philosophic concepts as well, to the exclusion of interest in one's fellow-men individually or as a community. Such is the case with Jan Christiaan Smuts, according to his competent, thorough-going biographer, F. S. Crafford. This personal coldness has been an obstacle to him in politics, while his encyclopedic knowledge and broad vision have on occasion served him well as a statesman.

Jan Smuts almost from the outset has found himself at the heart of things. He was an indomitable leader of the Boers in the terrible war which they lost at the turn of the century. A few years later he became an apostle of a greater Africa (and under the British Empire). He tangled with Mahatma Gandhi on the race question and found passive resistance one of the greatest of puzzles. He was one of the most successful Allied generals of the last war; he projected the League of Nations Wilson got the credit for and had much to do with the establishment of the mandate system. Returning to South Africa and elected Premier, Smuts had to deal with a general strike. He was still in power when South Africa was first stricken by the great depression. And he has had a leading part in the conduct of this war.

In some of these crises he showed up well, in others badly, but no one can say that he had an uneventful or meaningless life. Smuts is a man of prejudice. His ruthlessness at the time of the general strike and his inability to deal with the depression can be traced to his own spartan brand of "rugged individualism." So too his attitude toward the Negro. On the other hand his responsibility for the League, his efforts to break the bonds of Boer nationalism, and his general enthusiasm for ever larger wholes mark him as a man of vision, a man of the future. Historians a century hence will have to deal with him.

From cover to cover this is distinctly a political biography; there is little about his inmost feelings or his private life. With a man like Smuts it would be virtually impossible to produce anything on this score without resort to fiction. But by the same token the South African leader has been so colorful and individualistic that his conduct during the historic events that crowded in upon his life does much to reveal the man. In outlook, bearing, action, he was an Olympian fully conscious of his superiority over practically all his contemporaries in knowledge, political understanding, vision. He has always been impatient of established forms of procedure; to call him high-handed is under-statement.

One of the few descriptive touches of his home life sets him off rather well. "Since his tastes were severely simple—almost harshly so—and he could not bear pampering himself or being pampered (he never smoked and only on rare occasions did he indulge himself to the extent of having a glass of beer or some wine), he slept on the stoep on a very uncomfortable, hard bed next to which stood an old kitchen chair. On this there was barely room for his lamp, a cup of coffee and a book. Sometimes he would make his own bed, when there was a bad mood on him. This was always a sign for his family to leave him severely alone. Rising at about seven o'clock in the morning, he would slip into an old khaki shirt and an ancient pair of baggy trousers and go to attend to his great collection of plants. His chief interest, of course, lay in grasses . . ."

This volume is a happy combination of an absorbing subject and a good biographer. It adds up to an unforgettable picture of a modern statesman who prefers books and ideas and lonely walks for meditating and observing inanimate nature to the warmer company of men.

Tolstoy

THIS is the way they start: "A shoemaker named Simon, who had neither house nor land of his own, lived with his wife and his children in a peasant's hut and earned his living by his work . . ." Or this way: "In the town of Vladimir lived a young merchant . . ." or "There were once two old men who decided to go on a pilgrimage to worship God at Jerusalem." This is the way they start, simply, about simple people who have to learn that "What Men Live By" is simply the love of God. There are eight of these stories. Tolstoy wrote the first of them in 1881 when he was fifty-three, the last of them in 1895 when he was sixty-seven. "War and Peace" was published from 1865 to 1869. Tolstoy had war and peace and his life in the capital and his life in the country behind him and when he wrote them he was thinking simply that all that mattered was to be a saint. He was thinking the way Léon Bloy thought when he said the only sadness is not to be a saint. And he had discovered that the only way to be a saint was to love God. He was very unselfconscious about it. When he wrote about the love of God he had to say just what he meant. He was not ashamed to say just what he meant. These stories are simple stories that say that man can only live by love of God.

They have been published in every language again and again. They are about Russian peasants but it has never mattered to the French, the British, the Italians, the Americans who have read these stories whether or not the

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characters in them were Russians. They are about the suffering and the heart of men. The English translation used here is that made by Louise and Aylmer Maude. It is the best English version. Each story is headed by a drawing by Alexander Alexeieff. The drawings are very fine, very much in the spirit of the stories, technically interesting. The volume is introduced by Dorothy Canfield Fisher who shows great understanding and then, in the last page or two, a great deal less understanding because then she talks about the Germans and there is a time and place for talking about the Germans and their behavior at Yasnaya Polyana but a preface to these stories does not seem the time nor the place.

Tolstoy's voice is for men who are lonely and who do not know why they live or how they can live or how they can support the misery of living. It is a voice for people who are held to the world, bound to the world in its misery now.

In New York when you walk West across Twenty-eighth street when the offices close and the night is falling there is still a light in the West at the end of the street and against the light there is a church in Union City, in New Jersey across the Hudson, which is outlined against the last light of the day. At the end of the street you know there is the Hudson but you do not see the river, you do not see the ferries with the commuters going home; you see the church and you know it is across the Hudson and it is like when you are walking in Lyons and you see Notre Dame de Fourvières across the Saone. So that the night falls over New York, over the crowds, over the street, over the dome of the church, and it is no use being technical about the difference of hour because night now falls over the city of Lyons in France—there are the steep streets climbing between the walls and the houses to Fourvières—and night falls gently now over every church on every hill across every river, and we are held in this hour to the world entering the night. Saint Paul's stands across the Thames, Santa Sophia across the Bosphorus, Saint Peter's across the Tiber, the church in Union City is outlined against the last light of day: the night falls, bombs fall, men fall. One would have to be blind, but the blind, too, would be held by the world.

Man's solitude is multiplied by his knowledge of the world's solitude. It is not when a man is alone that he is most solitary. When he is alone in a street seeing one church across one river with the night falling, this may be solitude, but a more insupportable solitude is when he sees innumerable rivers in all the countries of the world which have rivers, innumerable churches in all the countries of the world which have churches, and the night falling not only over the Hudson and New York but over mankind.

It is in this solitude which is man's constant state that one may hear a phrase "there were once two old men who decided to go on a pilgrimage to worship God at Jerusalem" and then, reading the rest of the story, know that the night and the wars can be traversed.

More Books of the Week

Journey Into America. Donald Culross Peattie. Houghton. $3.00.

LURED by the daring of a challenge, Donald Culross Peattie has written his own interpretation of "the land of the free and the home of the brave." "Jour-

This Publishing Business

PORTRAIT OF THE RUSSIAN PEOPLE

What is Russia going to do? Stalin doesn't know. How is a tree going to grow? The gardener doesn't know. The gardener knows what he wants and so does Stalin. But the gardener knows he may get something very different. So, I suppose, does Stalin. There's the same principle in both instances. You can't do what you like with anything: you can only do what can be done with it. And with a living thing what can be done with it depends on what life has already done to it. You can to some extent shape its future: but not if you ignore its past. Try to shape the future of a man, and all that has ever happened to him will be working with you or against you—mostly against you, unless you are very wise. So with a people. So with the Russian people.

We may fear Russia as a threat or hail Russia as a promise; the chances are that we could not pass the simplest examination in Russian history. Think how funny that is. English nurses used to scare babies with the bogey-man Napoleon. Nurses still thrill babies with the promise of Santa Claus. We are horribly like babies with our pathetic fears or hopes, knowing precious little more about Russia than the babies about Napoleon or Santa Claus, but listening hollow-eyed or shining-eyed to the dear old nurses who write the editorials and are as ignorant as we. For if you don't know a country's history, you don't know the country. If you don't know what kind of things it has done and what have been its dominant motives over the long span of its history, how can you have the faintest notion of what kind of things it is going to do and upon what motives. Emotional reactions to what one has heard of its last twenty years are not enough.

Helen Iswolsky's book *The Soul of Russia* would be a most practical beginning of a most practical study. It is a biographical portrait of the Russian people. And you know as you read that here is the most tenacious national character that this world knows. It persists. Rulers happen to it, and pass. When Thomas Aquinas was a boy, the appalling Genghis Khan flood submerged Russia; and it passed. Anyone knowing both the Russian character and its tenacity could have foretold that, while Communism would do things to Russia, they would be nothing to what Russia would do to Communism. Communism was bound to be Russianized—it would become less international, less atheist. Indeed, the attempt to make Russia atheist shows in what a lighthearted ignorance of Russia Lenin embarked on his job. Religion is the permanent element in the Russian character, as it has been the dynamic factor in Russia's historical development: and not any religion: Russian religion: the specifically Russian way of being Christian (in this book profoundly and lovingly shown us).

How vast a body of history stirs alive as we see the present Archbishop of Kiev in December, 1942, crying out against the Germans: "God is not in strength but in truth." For that was the cry of St. Alexander Nevsky seven hundred years before as he crashed back the Teutonic Knights. And the best work on St. Alexander is by Borodin, one of the most influential of Russian communists. I would take a small bet that none of your nurses told you that. —F. J. S.

SOUL OF RUSSIA,
by Helen Iswolsky, $2.75

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ney Into America," patriotic in a superlative way, is a go-as-you-please, where-you-please-into-the-past to discover reasons for a reaffirmation of faith in our country and our history.

The challenge came when the author, persuaded that "Uncle Sam isn't so hard up yet that he needs to try to make a soldier out of the likes of me," determined to do in writing his share toward solving "the peace we expect to bring about by this war." From the past he has taken selected episodes—twenty in all—and with poetic fervor and enthusiasm finds in each an area of freedom. From these areas of freedom he journeys back to the present to point out cleverly the lessons that today may learn from yesterday. America has a rôle in the future of the world, symbolized and proclaimed in the Biblical inscription on the Liberty Bell: "Proclaim Liberty Throughout All The Land and Unto All The Inhabitants Thereof."

Mr. Peattie never pretends that all is well in our America. We have made some mighty mistakes. What he does believe, in spite of the worst, because he is a fighter for the best, is that the United States, as a competent and responsible nation, has an obligation to help in clearing what is wilderness in any part of the world. "But nowhere on the globe is there wilderness like the thinking of our present enemies, in which there are no compass points of good and evil. It is this that I hate. It is this we must fight, long after the killing of men is done with. For that black jungle has deep roots, long suckers; it can come creeping back, yes, even into the clearing."

Although the chapters of this "Journey" appeared first as a series of magazine articles and retain some of the amusing historical inaccuracies, in minor details, of the original essays, the book is history, alive and alert. The volume is a tonic to the mind and the spirit. With no pretense of profundity, the author writes honestly and fearlessly of his belief and his hope. DANIEL S. RANKIN.

Mainstream. Hamilton Basso. Reynal. $2.50.

NO MATTER how wholeheartedly two men agree in discussing any interesting subject, there is always and should be a *but* or two. "What is an American" is one of the most interesting subjects in the world. There are a great many "buts" to any assertion about him.

There *is* such a human creature as an American, "but . . . " is he scientifically identifiable by category and description? Is this American truly a new man whom one does not yet know, or is he already an authentic ethnological subdivision of the human race, no longer quite new since he is already formed and recognizable? Is there a valid distinction between the "American" as such, and the "American citizen," which term may cover this distinctive American human being as well as those of even more recent migration than he, who are not yet absorbed into the mainstream, and are held together only by our outward political structure as citizens with great rights and responsibilities not yet fully understood? Very sensibly, Basso avoids too close a definition, which usually raises unprofitable controversy rather than discussion; he explains what he means by illustrations, almost by parables, by the awkward word used by some Bible students: a *"similitude."*

The late Ales Hrdlicka is a good witness to the fact of the American. His book, "The Old American," claims that, ethnologically, a new human sub-division is traceable in the first American generations born after 1607, as definite as the fused Frenchman or Spaniard or Englishman. According to him, our typical American came out of the inhabitants of the British Isles, Englishmen, Scots, Irishmen, Welsh, Cornishmen, etc., each fused locally over a long period of time out of widely differing racial elements to beoome a type. There individually fused groups fused, again, all together, very rapidly and easily, after their arrival here, to form a homogeneous new type: the American. Upon that was superimposed a new mass immigration, from other racial antecedents too great to be digested and assimilated quickly, and we have ourselves as we see ourselves today: a people which lost its bearings in the generation before Pearl Harbor and is now beginning to rediscover and recover them under war pressure.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

Journey in the Dark. Martin Flavin. Harper. $2.75.

HARPER'S $10,000 prizewinner is a solid enough performance but it lacks distinction. The most vivid and successful chapters deal with a western boyhood, a growing up not without its seamy side. The bulk of the book is a typical American success story with the banking of millions unable to make up for the emptiness of a life devoted to the pursuit of wealth and power. The subject itself militates against reader interest in the later chapters of this book.

The Walsh Girls. Elizabeth Janeway. Doubleday. $2.50.

ONE of the most popular novels of the season deals with the two daughters of a New England minister and their love for the man the younger sister married. Much of the story is a paean of the first year of marriage, the first year together of an affectionate couple very much in love. But it also touches on a variety of other themes: the decline of New England as a cultural force, the personal and business terrors of the big depression, the petty gossip of idle housewives. Most disturbing is the emotional tension between the sisters in the last months before the baby comes. It is most striking as a psychological study of an American woman of today, her aim in life and her inmost feelings, all presented in stream of consciousness fashion. Biting yet sympathetic is the portrait of the older sister, a modern New England spinster. Highly readable, "The Walsh Girls" is more observant than profound.

The Inner Forum

For French Scouts

We reproduce herewith the text of an address made by Archbishop Saliège of Toulouse to some French scouts leaving for compulsory labor in Germany. The text is a translation by the OWI from the Swiss newspaper, "La Liberté," of Fribourg. The address was likewise reported on the Vatican radio and in the "Osservatore Romano."

My friends, you are leaving for Germany. Under constraint? or freely? It is not for me to know. One can be subject to a law without giving it one's adherence. You are leaving: that is a fact.

What advice shall I give you? This, and nothing but this: bear witness to France and to Christ. However greatly France may be humiliated at the present time, proudly

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keep your hope. Our cause was just: you cannot be told that often enough. If by our fault we have lost the war, the justice of our cause remains intact. . . .

You are going to a country that has its own beauty, its own greatness. The Germans are a great people. You must not fail to recognize their qualities. But you must also see their enormous shortcomings. . . . You will see that behind appearances which are beautiful, which are realizations one might envy, something is lacking, which is not knowledge, but which one might simply call mind [*esprit.*]. It is a triumph of technique, of utilitarianism, and that in the service of force. . . .

In the presence of this collective pride you will represent the French conception of life, the human conception, according to which the individual counts, peoples have rights, and men are brothers. The glory of France throughout her history has been the glory of the fraternity of humanity. A Frenchman who does not see in each man his brother would not be true to his race. An old-fashioned word expresses very well what you should be in Germany: *"Gentilshommes."*

You will be witnesses of Christ. You are not unaware that Christ has many adversaries in Germany, who refuse to accept His doctrine of charity, pity and mercy. They refuse to accept the humiliated Christ, the suffering Christ, the Christ of the Crucifixion, the Christ who hides the strength of victory under the weakness of apparent defeat. . . .

You will accept suffering with dignity, without complaint. Witnesses of Christ, you will be kind, good, charitable toward all men, whatever their race, whom you meet during your work . . . In July, 1902, Charles de Foucauld gave himself this commandment: "I shall accustom every man be he Christian, Mohammedan, Jew or heathen, to look upon me as his brother." You will agree that if you make this commandment yours, the fair name of France and Christianity can only gain by it . . . be strong, be faithful, be loyal to your belief. Then you will be neither dupe nor victim. Prayer and sacrament will give you the necessary help. Here, your leaders, your priests, and your friends will pray for you. Nothing can destroy [*rompre*] the communion of souls. Through Christ, in whom you are united, we shall be in touch one with the other. There is no separation for those whom the charity of Christ has joined together. You have understood me: you go to fulfil a mission . . . a French mission. Let France through you be loved, be respected, be admired; let Christ through you be adored. One counsel sums up everything, embraces everything: Be Scouts of France, Scouts of Catholicism, at all times and in all places. I give you my blessing as you go. How much happier shall I be to give you my blessing on your return!

CONTRIBUTORS

Waclaw BITNER is qualified to present the Polish viewpoint on the frontier issue, recently discussed in THE COMMONWEAL, since he is a director of the KAP (Polish Catholic Press Agency) here in New York.

Rev. Francis WANENMACHER is pastor of Our Lady of Sorrows Church in Buffalo, N. Y.

Rev. Daniel S. RANKIN, formerly of Saint Mary's Manor, South Langhorne, Pa., is now a Navy chaplain.

William Franklin SANDS, who was for several years in the diplomatic service, frequently reviews books for THE COMMONWEAL.

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